Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onely to part friends.
Curtesie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Rosa. In priuate then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.
Be. White-handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmesey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Qu. Let it not be sweet.
Ber. Thou grieu'st my gall.
Qu. Gall bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with mee to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your Vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man; is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar.

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe
Take all and weane it, it may prou
Long. Looke how you but your
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie?
Mar. Then die a Calfe before y
Lon. One word in priuate with
Mar. Bleat softly then; the Bu
Boyet. The tongues of mockin
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may b
Aboue the sence of sence so sensibl
Seemeth their conference, their co
Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, win
Rosa. Not one word more, my
Ber. By heauen, all drie beate
King. Farewell madde Wench
Exeu
Qu. Twentie adieus my froze
Are these the breed of wits so wo
Boyet. Tapers they are, with y
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they ha
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingl
Will they not (thinke you) hang
Or euer but in vizardes shew thei
This pert *Berowne* was out of cou
Rosa. They were all in lamen
The King was weeping ripe for a
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare him
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ser
No poynt (quoth I:) my seruant
Ka. Lord *Longauill* said I can
And trow you what he call'd me
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art
Ros. Well better wits haue w
But will you heare; the King is